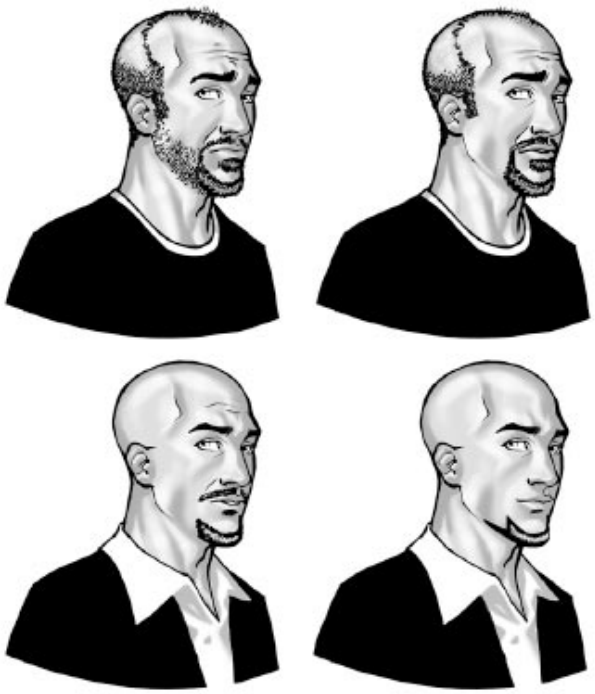
Notes From The Front Lines:

**What To Do If You Find Yourself In Jail, At War,
Or In The Middle Of A Naked Party**



By

Neil Strauss

www.Only375.com

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Preamble

Seven thousand, one hundred, and ninety-nine.

That's how many unanswered questions and emails remain in my inbox.

And most of them are good questions, ones I know the answer to. Some of them are intelligent thoughts and cool comments, which I would also like to recognize and appreciate. A few I'd like to ignore. But only a few.

So, rather than answer them individually, I've compiled this document. I selected a handful of the many field reports, pleas for help, comments, and new routines I've received (removing the very enjoyable photos attached to preserve privacy). Then I analyzed and responded to them. Chances are you have encountered or will encounter similar situations yourself. So now's the time to learn from what others did right – and wrong.

When I finished *The Game*, I said that it was time to leave this world behind. That place was the land of the PUAs. I had gotten in too deep: I lived, breathed, ate, and slept pickup. But I don't regret a day.

Here's why:

Joseph Campbell talks about how the hero in nearly all myths has a very specific journey. He starts out living in ignorance in his village. But one day he is called on a quest, and follows that call into the dark forest. In that forest, he fights off the demons and monsters to make it to the end, where he finds his treasure, which is enlightenment. Then he makes his way home, and shares that treasure with those around him, using it to enrich his and their lives. That's what I'd like to do.

I may have left the community itself, but I will always remain in the world of self-improvement. Working on myself and helping others improve themselves I believe is a noble cause.

And so, to that end, I give you a little game I like to call….

…Style Says.

--Neil Strauss, May, 2006

Going After A "Hired Gun..."

Hi Style,

Oh, man. Was just at a coffee shop. I go there a lot but I was particularly hoping this Audrey Hepburn look-alike would be working.

And she was!

Our tale ensues ... When I first got there, I ordered a coffee from the guy who was also working (a nice dude) and hardly looked at her. (When I'd gone in the past, though, I had some hardcore eye contact going with her when I'd ordered stuff--before I got into all this, I never realized how great women are at eye contact, and how just sharing that is in and of itself such a nice feeling.)

Anyways, after my first coffee, I sat for a while reading at a table right in front of the counter, so she'd be forced to see me a lot. I occasionally would glance over at her--not the best strategy, but I couldn't help myself!

BUT, I caught her looking at me once, which was pretty funny, but she darted her eyes away after.

So I was in the middle of sending this friend of mine (who's also into the game) a text message about where I was and what I was doing, when an idea struck in my head. I edited the text message to read:

"I'm at a coffee shop. Just caught the barista looking at me! ha, ha. I want her bad. Will have to start flirting."

Waited a little bit until she was by herself at the counter, then went up. (I had the jitters, though, because by this time I'd drank 32 ounces of coffee.) I asked for a glass of water and asked her how her day was going and had she had any adventures.

She stood there and told me how she'd tried to sell some clothes to Ross earlier and had bought "Breakfast of Champions." (Oh, yeah, it's on.)

I told her about how I'd heard Kurt Vonnegut speak and that he was really funny. Some people came up to order (how inconsiderate -- ha, ha) and I waited for them to leave and her to finish their orders.

They left. She was making their drinks, and I couldn't wait to unleash my "real" plan any longer.

ME: "So, I just sent my friend a text message about you."

HER: "What?"

ME: "I just sent my friend a text message about you."

HER: "What?" (She still couldn't hear me. All the while I'm thinking "uh-oh" in my head and wishing I hadn't drank so much coffee, because combined with the jitters, my low volume, and just general nervousness, I didn't have the strongest vibe)

ME: "I just sent my friend a text message about you."

HER: "Uh... why would you do that?"

ME: "For fun. You should read it."

(I click open my phone, get the "sent" message up, hand her the phone, and go back to my table--prop lock-in! I'm hoping she'll be so turned on and will put her number in my phone.)

HER: (from behind the counter) "Oh my god, I'm so embarrassed."

ME: "You should come talk to me if you get a break."

HER: "I'm seeing someone right now."

I don't respond, but I'm thinking "damn it!"

Her saying "I'm seeing someone right now" sounded like a 50/50 probability of being true, and I feel like I've screwed it up. (She was looking at me earlier and stood to talk.)

Anyways, she puts my phone down on the counter in front of her, but I don't go get it. Five minutes later she comes and gets my empty drink and brings the phone to me (she doesn't look me in the eye, but gives a small smile).

I sit and read for another 15 minutes, but really think about where I went wrong. I wait till no customers are at the counter, and as I leave, bring my glass of water up and tell both her and the guy barista "Thanks. You guys have a good night."

He's still friendly and is probably oblivious to what happened or doesn't care. I see her smiling, so maybe it's not totally a lost cause.

Here's where I think I went wrong:

1. Drank too much coffee and had the jitters. Had a lot riding on this as she is SO DAMN CUTE and probably one of my top "targets" of girls I want and see often. So my vibe wasn't very strong. I also spoke too low volume.

2. Probably was too much geared up for my txt message. I should have just flirted then gone with the flow and enjoy the conversation I was already having with her, which was a good conversation. I was learning she was cool and feel like I clung to my agenda too much.

3. I think I should've been even more ballsy with my text message and wrote:

"I'm at a coffee shop. Just caught the barista looking at me! ha, ha. She's so damn cute and she's got good fashion sense. I have a feeling she's really cool. Too bad I don't know her, though, because then I'd probably have to pleasure her with passionate sex every night. But since I don't know her, today I'm just going to get her to talk to me during the slow times and put her number into my phone . . ."

I think the above text message would've been stronger since it would've appreciated "unique" stuff about her (fashion sense, feeling like she's cool), thereby legitimizing my interest, ratcheting up the sexual tension with acknowledged barriers (too bad I don't know her, otherwise I'd have to pleasure her), and by being a more alpha male that LEADS her to what I want (talk to me during the slow times and put her number in my phone).

What do you think?

Best,

D.N.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear D.N.,

I have one thought in my head as I read this:

Ouch!

Here's the number one rule of pickup:

You are not allowed to hit on a girl until she is attracted to you.

(The second rule of pickup is that, **There are no rules, only guidelines**.)

There's a term the PUAs have for what happened to you:

You got the IHAB response.

IHAB stands for: I Have A Boyfriend.

And if a woman gives you the IHAB response too early in the interaction, it means ONE thing: You made her uncomfortable, usually by showing TOO much interest in her TOO early. I'd be willing to bet a tall chai mocha double latte espresso shot that this barista of yours doesn't even *have* a serious boyfriend.

So, I give you props for having the balls to approach and flirt. That takes guts.

However, here's where you went wrong:

This eye-contact game you were playing was mostly in your head. The three-second rule exists for a reason. Too much eyeballing, and a girl starts to get uncomfortable. As soon as you connect, you need to approach. Don't mistake politeness for interest.

Now, I'm not saying that this girl wasn't into you, but at some point, even if she was attracted at first, she started to get uncomfortable.

Next mistake: You write: << *I asked for a glass of water and asked her how her day was going and had she had any adventures.*>>

Guess what? Every guy who wants to meet her asks generic questions, and then fishes for commonalities -- "Oh my God, you read a book. I read books too. We should hang out sometime."

You must lead and display your unique, winning personality before expecting her to want to tell you all about herself, let alone give you her phone number. In the case of hired guns, where your time is limited before the next customer arrives, the best thing to do is hook her interest by noticing something interesting about her – something she herself may not have even noticed. Then have her beg you to elaborate.

Remember, hired guns are paid to be nice to you; so don't trust any IOIs from them unless you've EARNED them.

All of this must be done in a NON-NEEDY way – which leads me to your next mistake. (This is tough love, brother; I enjoyed the FR and want to see you succeed!)

You write: <<*Some people came up to order (how inconsiderate -- ha, ha) and I waited for them to leave and her to finish their orders.*>>

May I repeat…*ouch.*

This is what is known as supplication: just hovering around uncomfortably, waiting for her to be free. (Rourke did this, and I actually captured it on video; you can SEE the girls' entire demeanor change – it's amazing.)

So here's a little tip for the future: The great thing about hired guns is…you KNOW where they WORK.

You don't have to impress them and get their number in one conversation.

You can return over the course of a week or two, and slowly lay a little more personality and intrigue on them each time.

When they're busy, walk away and go about your business – unless they beg you to stay, and in that case you still may want to walk away. Leave them wanting more, so they're excited to see you when you walk in again.

Finally, the text message: *Fucking Ouch!*

This is a bad gambit. Erase it from your repertoire. Even your new, improved message would have made her uncomfortable.

Though this move seems confident, it's actually weak, because you're letting your phone say what you're too scared to say. But guess what? You shouldn't even be saying all that so early in an interaction anyway. Pickup isn't just what you say, but WHEN you say it.

I like that you locked her in with a prop, but better to have some cryptic message from another girl on your phone (saying, for example "I had a great night; next time, more fish"). Then ask, "What do you think this means? We didn't even have fish, discuss fish, or see fish. Is this some kind of girl code for something I'm not getting?"

I just made this up off the top of my head, but this doesn't convey desperation. It shows that other women are attracted to you, and it might spark a fun guessing game that will allow you to display that winning personality that you didn't get to show her this time.

Keep at it, man, and thanks for the cool field report. Fortunately, there are plenty of other coffee places out there…

Yours,

Style

Armed And Dangerous…

Style,

I use to be very heavy in the game, then went and got married before I knew how to be married. (I'm only 23 for goodness sake). Anyway, a couple years and a separation later, I decided to make my foray back into the game.

I called up my wing Kam and we went to Buckhead here in Atlanta. I've never felt "seducer's aura" before, but it happened. And let me tell you, I didn't follow all the rules of the game and really didn't feel like my old confident rakish self, but I faked it till I made it!

Here's what happened…

I sarged the whole space before it got crowded by dancing. I know, I know, I can hear you say you're not supposed to do that. But I needed a way to pretty much demonstrate that I didn't give a damn and that I was fun, great guy that anybody would be happy to be with.

There were only a few people dancing and everyone else kind of standing around watching. I went into the group of the few girls dancing and started doing girlie type dances, messing with them making them laugh.

(That worked better than I thought because now that I think back, that kind of stuff can really backfire!)

Anyway, I also was high-fiving all the guys and generally being the life of the party. That's when it clicked. Be the center of social attention and all the girls will come to you. I had girls flirting with me all over the place. I kept toying with them making them kiss me on my cheek.

I got two kiss closes and three number closes that night. Also, this night will forever go down in history for me because upon leaving the club, I foolishly had a beer (one of the few that were bought for me by girls) in my hand and got arrested by the cops.

But here's the kicker… I *sarged* him and he let me go after putting the handcuffs on me and everything with people watching. HA!

I'd been away from the game for 2 years and I still had some skills. I'm afraid what will happen if I know the Annihilation Method. I might be able to charm my way into the White House! Scary - LOL

--R.D.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear R.D.,

That is a cool story. That's right: this shit is good for a lot more than meeting women. I just used it to get a 30 percent discount on my air conditioning, and a bank account with no fees for low balances. In fact, I just got a letter from a guy who said he used the Game to get into medical school. (And you know I'll be looking him up in a few years, when I get arthritis from all this typing.)

Despite your successes this night, I still want to give you some advice:

I feel that the "community" helps as many people as it hurts. It hurts them by making them feel that there are rules that are ALWAYS true, and if they violate them, it's wrong.

Remember pickup rule #2 above?

One of the things I tried to do with the Final Five is teach them the reasons BEHIND the rules, the reasons they EXIST. If you understand the rules (I mean, guidelines) and know why they were created, then you'll know the situations when they can be broken. I once lost an amazing girl early in the Game by following the rule of NOT paying for our round of drinks -- in this particular instance, it ended up making me look cheap and stingy rather than independent, high-status, and alpha male.

In your email, for example, some say to avoid the dance floor. But if you know how to dance and have a good time – and even better, help others have a better time, as you did – than by all means, get on the dance floor. One of my former students and current friends is a professional dancer who goes on tour with all the pop stars. He doesn't even need to open his mouth to attract women; when he goes out, he tears it up on the dance floor, and often goes home with the go-go dancers.

So…everybody's different. Do what WORKS for you. If it works, don't change it – even if it appears to be "wrong." It's when what you always do ISN'T working or producing the anticipated results that it's time to make a change.

Congrats on feeling the aura again,

Style

Using The Game In Jail

Dear Style,

I got put in "the can" last night for unpaid fines. And, wow, the stuff I learned from *The Game* came in so handy. Jail is the most intense way to learn about alpha male tendencies and overcoming fear. Imagine taking a shit in front of 30 muscle-heads, bikers, & crackheads.

Well, the best way to gain rapport -- drum roll -- is teaching inmates the GAME…hehehe! I even told a dude with a scorpion tattoo your story of the frog and the scorpion. Anyway, your Bible works wonders.

Peace and Light,
V.G.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear V.G.,

Thanks for sharing that advice. Next time I'm in jail and a muscle-bound crackhead comes up and asks, "Hey, I need to get a male opinion on something," and then proceeds to neg me on my faded prison overalls in order to get a "date," I'll know who to blame.

Pay Those Fines,

Style

"I *Became* The Party!"

Style,

I would like to start off saying that I had no idea that you wanted to hear from guys like myself. My journey into The Game has really just begun. I felt like I could really relate to your story, and partly I haven't written because I have been too busy trying to put this stuff to use.

I had an awkward sense that you didn't want to have people hounding you for advice, or harassing you to teach them new tradecraft. Like I said, I'm new to this (only been sarging for about a month) so frankly I don't know what level I will need to be at to effectively use the Annihilation Method.

I want to learn everything though!

Besides my noticeable retardation when concerned with social interaction, I really have turned my life around. I have lots of irons in the fire, and I find myself not really able (or willing for that matter) to turn it off.

I average a new girlfriend every week, and if you are keeping count, that makes me up to 4 girls right now, not including the ones I am working on (I am only talking about the closes).

Specifically, a field report that I can tell you involves a softball player at my college!

I am at a kegger, totally working the room, I have my glass of tonic water with a lime, while everyone else has beer. Automatically I am standing out – better-dressed, more lucid. And looking for the subtleties that cannot be seen when one is trashed.

I am focused on my body language, watching other people and picking up on some of their trigger words that would give me rapport. Girls are coming over to me left and right:

Them: "Let me try your drink."

Me: "No, this is too strong for you kiddo, the keg is over there" -- turn and walk away.

I couldn't believe it but within 20 minutes of entering the party I *became* the party. I had never been that guy who was making out with five girls in a single night, but I decided to end the competition as the night came to a close and take back to my place a pretty little blond, with great legs and an ass to match.

By the way, the rest of the night I just kept calling her Anastasia, I didn't get her real name until the next morning. I think she called me prince charming or something equally stupid, but hey, you don't choose your Indicators of Interest, you just see them and act.

Your book really changed my life. For some time I was just a big guy (muscular, not fat) and because I was so intimidating I was taught from an early age to be a real wussy.

But your book taught me to embrace my "male ego" and exercise some power in what I do. More to follow (now that I know that you actually want to hear from me :)

Regards,

Houskadoree

STYLE SAYS:

Dear Houskadoree,

I'm not even going to ask where you came up with that nickname or what it means. That may not have come from one of your more "lucid" moments. Maybe you should spend less time at those keggers. I'll tell you what: I'll go to the parties in your place to free up your time for more studying. ☺

I included this report because your game came not from what you did, but from who you were and how you presented yourself. That's one of the pieces of *the Annihilation Method* that I feel has often been overlooked by people trying to learn game.

You may have heard Wiseguy in my interview with him discuss the Las Vegas attitude. Well, this doesn't mean act like a guy from Las Vegas. This is an acronym for the qualities that you want to have as an attractive human being. And you demonstrated one of them by being the social center of the room. It's not just about what you say, it's about who you are and how you present yourself. And guess what? That can easily be TAUGHT and LEARNED.

These days, my students are more eloquent than myself, so allow me to introduce you to another one of the Final Five: Outback, the vet with attitude whose adventures I've been very jealous of lately.

He wrote just the other day on the Final Five forum:

OUTBACK WRITES:

I have been cogitating over all of our recent experiences and trying to find a common thread. There has to be some universal truth that lies under all this stuff or else it wouldn't be so damn good.

I think it has to do with how deeply we apply the LAS VEGAS characteristics. I didn't grasp the full meaning of LAS VEGAS at the seminar. It just seemed like a catchy acronym to me. So I get back here and practiced the method, got halfway good at it, opened some sets, then got so much sex with one girl that I got lazy.

Couple months later, my confidence was fragile and blown. I couldn't keep the frame.

I knew something fundamentally had to change.

I made a serious promise to myself to improve everyway I could: health-wise, studying the Annihilation Method, learning fun new stuff like tango. The operative concept here is that I was out to improve myself, not rack up women just yet.

A week or two later my confidence is back and I started mixing it up. It was a whole new frame. And I realized that getting the LAS VEGAS style totally effects your success, whether you're trying for LAS VEGAS style consciously or subconsciously. Think about Wiseguy again. He was seriously shit-tested. Did he lose the frame? Nope. He has the unconscious competence now.

If you try to keep your old foundation and put the LAS VEGAS style points as a little dressing on top, guess what? Your confidence will get dinked and you wont pass the tests or keep the frame. You need to become LAS VEGAS.

So here are the new things going on in my life.

- Yoga girl is still around and we have a great sex life: five times per week, including today. But we also have agreed (she agreed with me, actually) to have an open relationship. We have also talked about a threesome and she is looking for a third girl for us.

- I finally slept with that lesbian girl on the far right of that photo of me and the three lesbians.

- That girl in the insta-date photo, well she seems kind of crazy. Something tells me not to close that one. This stuff worked too well and she got a little too obsessed with me. She texts twice a day and left a book on the windshield of my car at my new house today as a present.

- There is a 10 who I am closing slowly. She got back from Belize but has a fucking heat rash. But I got her respect and attention on another insta-date Sunday, and that is something if you saw how easily she gets bored with guys.

But you know what? The girls dont matter, I am happy with myself and starting a lot of fun new things. I hope you guys can come in a month or so and check it all out here

Out,
Outback

Thatswhatimtalkingabout…

Also Out,

Style

"I Actually Number Closed!"

Hey Style,

Just so you know I'm really nervous just e-mailing you but here goes. First of all, thanks for the e-mails (I'm on your list) and especially thanks for access to your interviews with Rourke, Wiseguy, and the camera guys from the Annihilation Method. Listening to those guys tell their stories is absolutely awesome. It's hard to imagine that a weekend with Style and friends can transform your life into everything you've wanted.

It was about last October. I was watching TV. and you were on plugging 'the game.' I couldn't believe that this skinny bald guy (no offence) could pick up the most beautiful women in the world! I had to read this, so I did and it was an amazing story. But on the shitty side I realized how much of an AFC I am. I had a girlfriend for about four years and broke up with her two years ago. After coming out of a major depression and trying to find new girl, I realized that I absolutely suck at talking to or even approaching girls.

My whole life I would just go up to a girl at school and just say, "You wanna go out?" and she's say, "Sure". Boy have things changed: that stuff doesn't work anymore. and I developed a huge fear of talking to girls, I just don't know what to say. Now if I see a girl I like and try to approach, my stomach goes up to my throat and the most that comes out of my mouth is, "....Hhhi ummmm how are you?" At which point she looks at me, laughs, and casually walks away with my confidence.

Now I consider myself fairly good looking, and I have lots of guy friends but after reading the Game I realized that I am totally unattractive to women. And even e-mailing you, I feel so low right now admitting to a guy I don't know that I need help with women, if you can remember how you felt when you went to your first seminar with Mystery. That's me right now.

But the positive is that I know I can change my life. You're living proof that guys like me can change. I want to change my life, change my future, and be happy and confident again. I want to change really bad and I know this is the way.....and.....wait for it.....Yes I really would love DVD's of your Annihilation Method teachings. There, I asked for them. Please let me know what I have to do. I don't care I'll get a second job at Taco Bell making burritos or whatever to pay for it.

Thanks in advance Style. You're a true inspiration and give hope to guys like me. Any reply is greatly appreciated.

J.P.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear J.P.,

I have to tell you: from your writing, you sound like a smart, cool guy. And the motivation and desire you have is half the battle.

But if you're nervous and feel unworthy *just writing an email* that you don't even know will get read for sure, I can only imagine how nervous you must be to approach a woman in a public setting.

My advice...put yourself through the pain period (to be discussed in more detail in a letter below). Force yourself outside of your comfort zone and..see what happens. The worst that will happen is someone will ignore you; the best will be that you have a new girlfriend; and, most likely, you'll have a new friend.

And remember: Never apologize for taking up space in this world. You deserve to be seen, heard, and respected – not to mention lovingly caressed by the girl you masturbated to last night.

Best,
Style

J.P. Responds to Style:

> Dear Style,
>
> Thanks for the great advice. I went to a pub last night and tried to get out of my comfort zone. It took about six rye and Cokes, but I got up enough courage to ask a girl, "So, which do you like better, short and thick or long and skinny." She gave me a really weird look and started laughing. We talked for a bit about average shit and I actually fucking number closed man! It was awesome, I feel like a million bucks today. Even though she's only a 6, I still feel like I accomplished something. Thanks, man.

Style responds to J.P. Responding to Style Etc.

Dear J.P.,

Despite you negging me in your first email, it makes it all worth it when people take the advice and feel happier and better for it. And don't apologize for how the woman looks; just having more women in your lives and more interaction with them is a great, healthy

thing. You better call this girl.

The best thing a guy can do – especially if he is a virgin or has very little experience with women (and I'm not saying this is you, J.P.) – is get a girlfriend. She doesn't have to be a "10," or even a "7," or any of that bullshit rating stuff. She just has to be someone you get along with. Spend time with her and her friends; go shopping with her; ask her questions about what she likes in bed. And you'll soon find that your problems and insecurities will solve themselves.

The guys who are great lovers are NOT the guys who've had hundreds of one-night stands; they're the guys who've had a long-term girlfriend who they've communicated and experimented with in bed.

And let me tell you something else, J.P.: If you have the courage to walk up to a woman, start a conversation, and get her phone number with that horrible and crude and ballsy opener, then you're going to do just fine.

Proud,

Style

She Looked Like Angelina Jolie…

Hi Style,

Using the basics in "The Game" I have improved myself considerably. I have been getting lots of dates and numbers and a little loving.

But you say you are looking for trustworthy people and I am not going to make up some success stories to qualify myself. I am still a beginner and I am messing up more often than I am succeeding.

However, I am a great candidate due to my ability to learn. (I have a Ph.D. from Berkeley... but I'd rather brag about my luck with women.) I have a willingness to go outside my comfort zone, people find me funny and lively, and I have strong integrity.

My local coffee-shop hangout where I see a cute girl (on a later date, the waiter compares her to Angelina Jolie; he was exaggerating, but only a little). Back to the coffee shop. I see that she has an ad for a comedy show on her table.

Within three seconds, I approach and use the ad to start a conversation about my interest in standup comedy. We chit-chat and I make some jokes and I use a time constraint story to get her number in under a minute.

We go out on a date the next week, and I mess it up. Yep, I have only trained myself to make a good first impression. I hope you appreciate that I am being honest. You know that anybody can make up fake success stories to qualify themselves. If they are so good why do they need your secrets? I, on the other hand, NEED TO LEARN YOUR SECRETS.

Best regards

D.G.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear D.G.,

One of the things I taught the Final Five was to…LEARN HOW TO LEARN.

And you already exhibit one of these attributes, because you're able to look at yourself objectively, recognize your shortcomings, and admit them WITHOUT TAKING IT PERSONALLY.

So here's what you did right: you followed the three-second rule, you were observant, and you calibrated well. And then, as you say, you messed it up.

Well, D.G., if you don't tell me how you think you messed it up, I can't help you.

But I'm guessing that it has to do with not embodying the qualities of LAS VEGAS, and not being your best, most confident, most attractive, self-respecting self.

In another email you wrote me, you discussed how you used to behave like a "puppy dog" around women and girlfriends. And it's cool that you've done work to rectify that. I think that you have also hit on another element of the learning process: take it one step at a time.

First, you learned to approach; then, you learned to number close; then, you learned to arrange for a second meeting. This is all great. Cool progress. Now it's time to master that second meeting, and exhibit the Las Vegas qualities.

And I know if you stick with it and collect the right information to school yourself, you can do it. The original reason I videotaped the Annihilation Method seminar was because I knew the Final Five wouldn't be able to absorb all the material in three days. I wanted them to have it on hand, so they could refer to it to help them past each sticking point as it arose.

So, even though you feel like you failed, your field report above conveys enough positive qualities that success for you won't be a matter of if, but when –

Hoping To Return To Your Home Country Soon,

Style

Naked Party

Style,

Last Saturday night was perhaps one of the most invigorating nights of my life. I have never had so many girls all over me at once.

It all started when my current FWB (friend with benefits) and some other couples were pre-gaming at my house. Since I had big aspirations for this night, I decided to leave the party to recruit more people (and when I say people...I mean some beautiful women).

So I go downtown and start approaching 2-3 person sets -- busting their balls and asking them if they know anyone that is cool enough to come to my after-party.

Fast forward a half hour: I am driving home with 6 – yes, SIX -- beautiful semi-sober ladies in my car. So we get back home and head down to the basement (where I have a fully-stocked bar). I put on some chillin' lounge music from my iPod to set the mood.

I got behind the bar and made mixed drink after mixed drink for about a half hour straight, while the girls got to know each other. The whole time, of course, I am busting their balls about how much they all owe me for all the liquor I am providing them.

I then tell the girls that this place is a Coyote Ugly bar, and that they must dance for us if they ever want to come back.

"In fact, I will give $50 to the sexiest dancer. Feel free to use the bar and poles to dance around."

Michelle, the most outgoing and beautiful of the group, runs right up to the pole and starts literally humping it. She strips down to her thong and dances for about 5 minutes. The rest of the girls follow, but from this point on, each of them gets totally nude while dancing.

This is how the naked party started!

I grabbed a pack of condoms from my car (which is, by the way, the best place to store condoms) and handed out condoms to the other two guys there. The other guys started doing their girlfriends, while I decided to bring the girls, including my FWB, up to my room for some more fun.

And, well, the rest is history...

J.M.

STYLE SAYS:

(Note to self: Buy stripper pole.)

Dear J.M.,

Good stuff. As they say in one of my favorite inner-game books: "The world is what you think it is." You had a strong reality of what you wanted, and everyone conformed to it.

Now, personally, I'm not the kind of guy to pay fifty bucks for a sexy dance; I'd rather have the women pay me fifty bucks to dance for them. (And, believe me, if you've ever seen me dance, its worth at least that just for sheer comedy value.)

But, like I said above, there is no ONE way to do something. Learning who you are and what works for you is the way to go.

However, my style sense is tingling: Whenever I hear a field report that leaves off with "and the rest is history" or "you can imagine what happened next," I feel that someone WANTS me to imagine the most exciting possible scenario, when in fact what happened was a little milder.

That said, whether you had a full-on orgy or a kick-ass make-out strip-fest, you are still tearing it up -- and I hope you scrub that basement clean between parties.

Yours,

Style

P.S. Besides keeping condoms in the car, I hope you keep them in your bedroom too. Tuck them into the metal edge of your bed frame for the easiest access in the heat of the moment.

I Got Caught!

Hi Style,

I've been using the openings from The Game with success in New York.

Last night, I was at this bar with four friends and I was opening, negging and demonstrating value with positive results.

Then I approached a two set and opened with the "best friends test." As I'm about to pop the shampoo question, one of the girls says, "I heard this last week. I know what you're going to ask us."

So rather than asking if they used the same shampoo, I 'stole her frame' so to speak and asked her friend, "Is she always this pushy?"

Although I ran into this minor bump, I worked my way around it and ended up hanging out with her friend, the girl I intended to in the first place.

I've been using the negs with great success, especially 'Your nose wiggles when you talk'.

And pulling hair has to be one of the most effective types of kino around.

B.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear B.,

Well done.

People often get flustered and bail out when something unexpected happens in a set.

Personally, I love it when something unexpected happens, because then I get to improvise and learn – like you did. And if it works, then I know what to do next time it happens.

This is called developing a CONTINGENCY PLAN. When I teach a routine now, I no longer just give guys a script. I actually tell them how to respond to every major contingency – because I've experienced nearly every possible response after running over a thousand sets to learn all this. This way, you're never thrown off your game.

So, with that in mind, here's a contingency for you: pulling hair may be good kino, but not when a girl has extensions.

Respect,

Style

Off To A Good Start...

Style,

This is fresh, it just happened 35 minutes ago at 3:05 p.m. EST

I walked into my health insurance agent's office, smiled at the cute receptionist (as I always do), and, well, like this...

Me: "Hey, what's up"

Her: (big smile, jumps up,) "Hey, that's right! Your paperwork! Let me grab those so you can sign them."

This girl is engaged and is buying a house with her fiancée, and as I am an appraiser, I gave her a card a few days ago and told her to check out my website for some valuable info in preparing for an appraisal.

Her: (returns after a few minutes with my paperwork,) "Here, sign these and we'll be good to go" (big smile)

Me: (heart pounding, melting under her smile,) "Ok. So what's all this study material, are you getting ready for your series 7 or what?"

Her: "Series what?"

Me: "You know, your trading license, to be a stock broker?"

Her: "Oh, no. I have my test on Monday to be a health insurance agent in Virginia."

Me: "Oh yeah? So like, if I file a claim you can procrastinate on it in hopes of my early demise? You're mean."

Her: (incredulous look on her face, sarcastic) "No, so I can make a lot of money selling insurance."

Me: "Cool, good luck. So how is everything coming with the house?"

Her: "Its coming, it's fine."

Me: "When are you supposed to move in?"

Her: (with a look of anxiousness and a bit of uncertainty? A weird look, nonetheless) "We're supposed to move in in July."

Me: "Have you checked out my site yet?"

Her: "Not yet, but I'm going to."

Me: "Lay your hand down flat on that book"

Her: (big smile, does as I say) "Ok, what are you looking at?"

Me: "Ok, now turn it over so I can see you palm."

Her: (bigger smile, does it) "Are you a palm reader or something?"

Me: "Something like that." (I notice chains on her heart line under her pinky) "Do you have heart or circulatory problems?"

Her: (shocked look) "Yes, I do!"

Me: (heart pounding, feeling fear at talking more)

Her: (waiting for me to speak)

Me: (opening the door)

Her: "Have a great day, see you later."

Me: "See you later."

And then I left. I really did not think I could catch the attention of a girl that is engaged, but I did. It was a learning experience with a better outcome than I expected but weak in so many areas.

I was paying her for her attention and giving out too many Indicators of Interest. She in turn only gave out one or two at the most. But she smiled a lot (which is sort of her job), but these were the type of smiles that say, "I've been thinking of you" and she recognized me immediately upon my entrance and I did not tell her why I was there or even that I was coming.

My agent did not know I was coming either. She was/is interested, but I did not follow through effectively enough and lost the chance to escalate or do a number close. Back to the books to figure out what to do next.

M.J.

STYLE SAYS:

M.J.,

You also get a resounding: Respect.

But not too much respect, because when I was hardcore into the game, I had a rule for women with husbands, fiancées, or very serious boyfriends: I never hit on or seduced them. It's just not cool. (However, if they chose to seduce me, that was another story – but it had to be their decision and initiative.)

That said, you were just practicing. And you should practice every opportunity you get. That's how you improve. So I'm giving back a little more respect.

On to the details: Let me be honest, I can't even follow this conversation. But I do get the sense of it. You were trying to be cocky, funny, playful, confident, teasing, and all those other good things.

I'd say that on a scale of one to ten, you did…okay. Not great.

Here's why? From the level of detail you give here, I get the feeling that you may have been fun to talk to, but you may have also given off the impression of trying too hard.

And that's fine. That's how you learn. And I liked the palm-reading and cold-reading. I also liked the awkward silence after; cracked me up. That's how I first felt when I found this stuff working; it actually made me nervous too, because I couldn't believe I was getting these reactions.

Now, let me let you in on a little secret: Half the stuff we learn is designed to give off the impression of NOT TRYING or CARING. The trick is to really NOT TRY, but still get results. That comes with mastery and internalization of the game.

And you are on your way. You experimented, you pushed it past the comfort zone, and you reached the point where you ran out of material. That's how you improve. In fact, that's the VERY reason why Mystery told me, after that first workshop, that I was going to be a superstar.

Like I told barista-boy above, you know where this woman works, so there's no need to impress her all at once. She's there day in and day out, so you can call and visit and take your times with this.

I mean, you could if she wasn't engaged.

Nice,

Style

I Told Her About "The Game!"

Hi Style,

Ok, it's granted you must get hundreds of field reports sent to you every day but I just thought I'd share with you the one time I've ever used the game.

It started with my friend inviting me to visit down in London for a few days with his friend who just happened to be a blond, large-breasted hottie. He left us alone while he went to make tea and, of course, he seemed to be taking forever which created a slight atmosphere.

So I asked her what she was reading and she said some magazine, I can't remember now but it's not important, at least it got the ball rolling. I then told her about The Game as I'd been reading it earlier and shared some of the techniques from the book with her.

I basically thought after reading it, it was amazing, but I'm just not the kind of person who would use any of those things as it's just not me. I'm far too shy and English, ha, ha…

So anyway, she started to get interested her voice changed and she sat up. She said "So go on then, tell me some of these techniques."

So I tried the "pick a number between one and ten" test for which she guessed seven. Which I kinda guessed she would as she seemed slightly down when I first met her and I remember you saying something similar in the book near the end about how that test can work on people who seem slightly under the weather.

Her response was complete shock, she said "How did you do that?!"

Then I was in shock as it actually worked!

She then said, "Do another more, more." I kinda fell on my ass here as I was getting hot under the collar, my hands started shaking and I was getting really nervous (basically because she was very hot).

So I just moved on by telling her the story of the guy who got thrown out of a club for approaching girl by singing my little pony over and over, which triggered something as she started talking about "My Little Pony" for a few minutes, which was something of a nightmare to listen to.

We then regrouped with my friend and some others as he finally arrived with the tea and the evening progressed. I was just push-pulling and negging mainly,

as negging is easy for me as I can be overly sarcastic.

It then occurred to me to not talk about the game any more and just use the game which I never thought I'd do.

A few hours after when we went to a club she wouldn't stop following me. My friends thought it was hilarious. I thought it was quite odd as prior to this I was taking the piss out of her inability to not multitask as she was trying to send and text message and walk.

So any way she dragged me off to dance a few times and we flirted quite a lot but I thought I'll see if I can make her wait as I want to keep her attention so I kept push pulling her which was quite difficult as I was really into her.

I left her a few times to talk to some friends and she still came back to me. She even danced with some other guy then still came straight back and ignored him after which she brought me a beer!

Ok, this is when I thought there's something strange here. Girls don't buy me beer; it's usually the other way around.. She then started grinding against me, dancing with her ass, pushing up close to me, and she leaned back pouting ever so slightly.

I hesitated at first, then kissed her.

I hesitated just because I wanted to see the look on her face for a bit longer as if making her beg me to kiss her, lol.. This was truly a first for me, I generally do okay with women if I approach them but most of the time I get shy then drink too much and say something completely wrong (or get on fine with them and then nothing happens).

Well, okay, this isn't as bad as my friend who was studying neuroscience at the time who once said to a girl when he was asked what he enjoys doing, "I like to cut up dead bodies!!"

So the night went on, I push-pulled her a few more times and talked about everything and anything, but then we started drinking far to much and I was basically carrying her home so nothing happened there (although there was some mention of us going back to her flat she just started renting instead of staying at my friends, but we ended up at my friends as I thought we're basically going to pass out once we're home and we did).

The next day I offered to drive her to her parents as she said she wanted to visit them as it's on the way back to where I live. she paid for the petrol. I told her not to but she insisted!! Good god!

As we arrived in Milton near her parents. I thought it's basically pointless exchanging numbers as she's 200 miles away from me, so I said she can get my email from my friend, which in retrospect was a fairly jerky thing to do as she'd been treating me like a king and I didn't even want to speak to her any more (or so I made it seem).

So I felt quite bad in the end but somewhat accomplished.

Four weeks later she emailed me telling me she'd broke her arm and was staying at her parents asking if I want to work on her mothers website (as I mentioned I'm a web designer at some point during the drive to her place) and come visit with the possibility of nice food and lots of wine.

So I called her up we had a general chit chat and talked business about the website. I really can't decide whether or not she still likes me but hopefully I can make amends when I go to visit her. It was really cool to meet someone who I talked to for a whole night and she didn't know anything about me except my name of course until the car drive the next day.

Well that's it, I'm off to go clubbing for my birthday to the local dive of a rock venue and possibly sarge, lol. Who knows? I can see how this could become an addiction if I used it more.

Thanks,

R.T.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear R.T.,

So…the player became the played.

This happens when you first get in the game.

You toss out routines and negs and attitude, and suddenly a beautiful woman who's used to men falling at her feet is attracted. But then, as soon as she starts showing interest in you and attraction, guys tend to cave in. They turn into puppy dogs following her around. Why? Because they don't want to "blow it."

I know, because I was that guy for a while.

But here's what happens when you do that? You lose all your value and all the attraction you've so valiantly earned, and become just another tool.

As soon as she's calling you and asking you to design your website and baiting you with an evening alone with her, you are officially in AFC zone. (That is, unless she's your girlfriend, in which case you can do all the nice stuff.)Wait, she didn't even promise you dinner, she just gave you the "possibility" of a visit – wow.

In fact from the moment she said, "Do another more, more," you became her plaything. Next time, don't jump through her hoops; make her jump through yours. These are called shit tests, and I think you had an awesome night with this girl, but you failed them left and right, and didn't demonstrate the qualities of a man who's truly worthy.

That said, maybe this girl could teach you something. She sounds like she has game: dirty dancing with you, paying for shit to show her independence, having you carry her home when she was drunk, getting you to drive her 200 miles and then just bounding out of the car. I don't even know if you're aware of it, but as soon as you started acting like the "boyfriend," but without any real physical commitment from her, you went into "girlfriend zone" instead.

I'm being harsh here, but it's to teach you a lesson. I would love you to stay at it with this girl and prove me wrong, because I still think the window is open. You just need to flip the script. Show up at her house for that wine with an even more amazing girl, when she's just expecting you. That should do it.

I recently ran into a screenwriter friend in an LA restaurant. A few very trendy women showed up to meet him for dinner an hour late, insisted on ordering sushi even though my friend was about to leave, texted and talked on their cell phones throughout the meal, displayed no redeeming personality whatsoever, and then got the address from him of the big mansion party he was on his way to.

And then what happened? Well, he paid for them.

It hurt me to the depths of my soul.

I was less appalled by their behavior than his. A certain type of woman does this stuff because a certain type of guy lets her get away with it because she's "hot." Here's what I told him afterward: **Don't reward bad behavior.**

Now, go replay everything you've done since that night, and ask yourself: How would I have behaved differently if she looked like Condoleezza Rice?

Hope This Helps,

Style

"I Charmed A 19 Year-Old Hottie..."

Hey Style,

I am a 22 year old college student living in Florida. I have never shared a success story with you, but I'd like to share some curious things that I have learned after reading The Game.

First of all, I noticed how few people (in my social circle at least) have taken the book. I would lend it out to all my friends only to find it sitting in some corner of the room a month later with the bookmark still on the first chapter. I think the average man still thinks that meeting a girl outside of his social circle is something that only happens in the movies.

I am a very good looking guy who has always struggled with dating and women. Girls would constantly tell me how cute I was or that they liked my style but somehow transcending this into something romantic seemed like an impossibility.

Being good looking only made it worse because I felt I had some huge personality flaws. I had to de-brainwash myself from what I learned from a certain "dating guru" mailing list because it was only getting me in trouble all the time.

One time a girl threw her drink at me after using some of his choice words on her. Then one magical night, shortly after reading The Game, I charmed this 19 year old hottie who wasn't having any fun at the local karaoke bar one night. I didn't even need to insult her or show her magic tricks for her to like me. Amazing, life has been good ever since.

After reading The Game I realized just how big of a chode problem there is in Tampa, and that even most of my friends would be considered true chodes. These are guys who are wallflowers at the club, who never date anyone outside their social circle, if at all and never take me seriously when I give them a few harmless tips on meeting women. It's nice for me knowing that I have hardly any competition when I go out but it is pretty depressing seeing my own friends in their sad state of social incest.

I have read reviews of the book where some critics have stated that the book will spark a huge men's self help movement where average men will finally be able to "know what to say" when they see that pretty blonde at the end of the bar.

I have also seen how pickup has been lambasted in its portrayal in mainstream media, which pretty much seems to set social standards in America. Pretty sad how a few crappily written TV shows can have such an impact on social norms.

It seems like society would never approve of men finally actually "learning" how to meet women. There is obviously malice and evil in a man who wishes to learn techniques to meet woman.

After reading The Game and letting it all sink in for a while I have realized just how one- sided this society is when it comes to sexual freedom and choice. Beyond just being able to meet women now, The Game has really opened my eyes by the negative reaction it has gotten, especially by people who have never read it. I sense some serious sexual frustration in all these people who are the first to knock it. I can't imagine what it would be like to be in your position now and how people view you, half cult worship and half total attack on you and your work.

As for me, I will continue to hone my skills, without a wing unfortunately, and monopolize all the pretty women around here, who seem to be just as frustrated with the men around here as the men are in themselves. I'll still wonder where men stand and if society will ever be progressive enough to accept a badly needed men's self help movement.

Thanks for writing the book that has changed my life.

M.W.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear M.W.,

Thanks for the thoughts, many of which I have often contemplated myself. Well put.

However, you've learned something and brought up one of the problems with the seduction industry. Everyone's advice doesn't always work for every guy. If a very good-looking, successful guy is acting cocky, then he's just an asshole. If a less attractive, less successful guy is acting like that, then he's a great character and fun to be around.

Doing the opposite of what's expected of you is a good guideline to follow. A big, tough, tattooed looking bouncer who acts like a teddy bear can trigger attraction; but a wimpy looking guy who acts like a teddy bear won't. Make sense?

That's why one of the things I taught the Final Five is calibration. It's an essential skill to have, and is actually reducible to a defined set of rules. Obviously, you've learned it the hard way: Slap in the face = Whoops, don't do that again

To me, the ultimate method is one that is versatile and will give you a deep understanding of social behavior and attraction, so you can use it to play to your strengths and overcome your weaknesses. A lot of people have asked me about the word "annihilation." It's about annihilating the competition, especially when that competition is your own limiting beliefs.

Your Fellow Traveler,

Style

"I Can Now Meet Women in Groups – Even When She's With Other Guys!"

Style,

I have read your book and loved it -- I'm sure you've heard that a lot!!!

I've read it 3 times so far, and I have recommended it to about 8 different friends from around the country, and they have also picked it up and are recommending it to their friends. I have tried some of the methods in the book and the following story is a success from one of the methods I find to work the best...

I went out to a bar by myself to get me out of the comfort zone of being with a group of my friends. I decided to sit at the bar and just wait for a lively and fun group to walk in.

I'm an okay looking guy, but the thing I lack the most is confidence. Even if a girl gives me a look, I usually turn away and convince myself not to go talk to her for one reason or another. Tonight I decided to become someone else and try doing things a little differently.

A group walked in, 3 girls and 4 guys. Te guys all looked like they work out (and so do I), so I knew I would have something in common with them.

The girls were all very pretty, but there was this blonde with green eyes in the group that just caught my eye and took my breath away. I figure I have nothing to lose except maybe a little pride if I get shut down, so as soon as they sat down I used the 3 second rule and sarged the group, not the girl.

This is the simplest yet most effective technique that I got from you book. Make the girl jealous that you become the center of her universe and neg her while you are doing it.

I separated the group and took the guys to the bar, bought them shots leaving the girls in the booth. After a couple of drinks at the bar, we all went and played pool,. That's when the girls came over.

I decided to talk to her 2 friends first, and not even say a word to her for another 15 minutes or so. Then I asked her if she was any good at pool and took her to a different table.

Did the push-pull method, and before I knew it, I asked her for her phone number to set something up just between the two of us later on.

I've done this a couple of times, and so far I've always gotten the same response, a phone number and a date. I just don't want to push it too hard with a makeout session right in front of her friends, but I have gotten the kiss on the date later on.

I just want to say thank you for giving me this tool. I really want to try more of the other methods used in your book, but I'm not trying to rush anything. I am also not looking to have sex with every girl out there, but I am looking for a long term relationship that can lead to more. I'm 28, and just don't want to keep messing around.

Just another satisfied "client" of yours, telling you thanks, and good luck with everything.

Thanks a lot,

R.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear R.,

Nice job. As Mystery told me at that first workshop, “Lead the men and you lead the women.”

And I must also commend you on deciding what you want – a long-term relationship. In interviews, reporters often ask if guys are in the game just chasing one night stands. We’re all here for our own reasons: whether it be for sex, marriage, confidence, self-improvement, or a second chance at a social life. So congratulations on knowing what you want and best wishes for finding it.

Yours,

Style

A Student Of The Game

Style,

I've recently moved to Hawaii and lately I've been focusing on sarging tourists in the Waikiki area. Some of them are from Sweden, but the vast majority are from Japan.

While walking down the beach with my wing, we spotted a smoking hot mother-daughter set. We go in and ask the mother to take our picture. Japanese tourists always oblige you on this, and it's a terrific way to stop moving sets that don't speak English too well.

We focused our attention on the mother for the first few minutes, and then I broke off and turned my attention to the daughter. (Amateur hour, I know. I thought he was targeting the girl at first.)

I disqualified myself right away. I have a routine in which I say, "Hey, I'm going on a first date tomorrow. Do you think I should wear my glasses or not?" Don't ask me why but Japanese girls love this one. I run a funny DHV story afterwards for white girls, but I don't bother doing that with the J-girls unless they speak English well.

This girl was seriously hot. I negged the girl on her two-tone skin (the face was much whiter than the body) and her eyebrows that looked "almost professionally done."

I fluffed a bit, asked how long she was staying. About a week. "That's a shame that you're only here for a short while. We could have had lots of fun." She giggled.

I handed her my cell phone and asked her to type in her favorite three numbers from 1-5 while I touched the small of her back and looked over her shoulder. I did a cold read on her numbers, which she was really into.

I started to qualify. Asked her if she could cook, asked her to design me a sushi roll: she could put anything into it she wanted it, but if I didn't like it, I'd never talk to her again. I think her choices were avocado, tuna, lettuce. (lettuce???) Which I grudgingly accepted.

I qualified her on being so friendly and sociable even though she was from Tokyo. She mentioned that she was actually from Hokkaido but just lives in Tokyo these days.

The mother kept trying to interrupt, but my wing would always pull her back in.

I performed the soul gazing routine on my target, which worked great. Next, I held her hand asked her to tell me a story about when she was very little. It was something about her dog Chappi and how it died too soon.

Then the wackiest thing happened: some Hawaiian couple came up to us to say we looked like John Lennon and Yoko Ono. I used to get this in college all of the time but it's been a while since I've heard that.

I took pictures of me and my target, got her e-mail address, and oversold going to the kava bar as my time bridge. My wing sold the mom on the time bridge, and slipped her his business card. We fluffed a bit and then walked away.

While we were walking away, I looked at the picture I had taken and couldn't believe my eyes. She was at least a solid 9, if not more. Pretty rare for Japanese girls.

The next day, the mom called my wing's business cell to cancel the time bridge. I was crushed :-) I don't know what we were going to do about the mom in the picture anyway.

Lessons:

- When dealing with tourists, you want to bounce them around right away. Time bridges put things at risk.

- I should have tried to isolate her a bit more from her mom

O.C.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear O.C.,

These letters just keep getting more impressive. Great combination of borrowed and original material, though some of your negging sounds a little harsh. (I'm starting to feel like a sports announcer here.)

Also, I trust you that the opener works well, but it also conveys insecurity and a lack of confidence when you're asking a question about your appearance. It always works better when you're the authority asking about a friend's appearance.

Now, in a normal non-vacation set, this would have been great. Your friend occupies the mother while you get to bond with the girl and get her phone number. However, this was a vacation set with limited time and the rules are different. You should have charmed the mother, instead of leaving it entirely up to your friend. She may have been so protective

that there was nothing you could do, but chances are that she canceled to protect her daughter from YOU.

So, in this particular situation with tourists, rather than isolating her more from the mom, as you write, you should have just become ONE group. All four of you should have been talking and laughing together, and then you should have taken them to the bar as a group. If you were able to establish comfort and trust with both of them, then you'd have more maneuverability.

That said, she sounds like a great girl who you're really smitten with. And fortunately you have her email address. So stay in touch for when you visit Tokyo…soon…

Your best man,

Style

My Own Opener…

Hey Style,

I wanted to send you an opener that I have just started to use. Now, I know you probably have millions of them, but you have opened up a new world to me so I figured I could at least make an attempt at giving something back. It uses the opinion opener, with a true story.

Me: I want to hear a female opinion on something…

My roommate and I were having dinner a few nights ago and the waitress seemed to really be into him…they flirted a little throughout the meal and at the end she wrote her name and number on the bill…this all happened on Tuesday and so today he was being a typical guy and bragging to his little brother about this girl that he met. Well to make a long story short, his little brother recognized the name and description…it turns out he dated her for about a month about a year before. Now what do you think he should do, not care about the past or just forget her?

I've used it a lot of times and the results are pretty much split. Either way they always seem to really want to discuss it further. I struggled at first trying to think of a way to transition it, but I found out that the women always give me a lead to follow while they are discussing it. I have used the story to transition to the number game and strawberry fields. It seems to be a unique enough story that girls remember it. I have been telling it for about a month now and I constantly have girls remembering me.

I'm not sure if this is useful or not, I just thought I would send it to you and see what you thought.

T.

P.S. Thanks for everything, I am not far along on my journey but it has been great so far. It's all because of you.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear T.,

Nice opener. Like the jealous girlfriend opener, it's a trigger issue that gets a great response. And it's all the better for being true. And it's *even* better because you've automatically done something I tried to teach the Final Five: Understood the game with enough depth to generate your own original material.

Thanks for sharing it with the boys on the list.

Nice,

Style

The Invisible Wing...

Hey there.

Just wanted to let you know about the fun I've been having with what I call the invisible wing.

Well, it could be that a LOT of people call it that. Don't want to claim that I've patented it, but it sure does work for me!

First time, I used it was in an airport bar. I was involved in conversation with a lovely woman using a laptop. We had exchanged a few pleasantries and I "interrupted myself" for a phone call. Actually, I faked it. There's a button on my phone that creates a ringtone.

So, I answered the call and proceeded to have a conversation (sotto voce} wherein I said that I was talking to this wonderful, interesting woman and had no interest in keeping this phone call going. I then made a big deal out of turning off the phone.

Now, I should mention that I'm an actor by profession, and if nothing else, I've gotten pretty good at the one-sided phone conversation.

It was pretty damn credible.

Anyway, long story short, she and I were on the same plane. The seat next to her was empty and as I walked down the aisle, I asked if our first date could be a movie date. It'd be great to get that out of the way. She told me to sit down.

What ensued was an unbelievably wonderful 6 hour flight...

The guy to my right is, I'm sure, still dining out on that story...

Anyway, be well. Hope I'm lucky enough to continue to benefit from your wisdom.

Ken

STYLE SAYS:

Dear Ken,

You get a gold star. Extramask in The Game always said his cell phone was his best wingman.

Just make sure that you don't show too much interest before she's attracted to you. Suggesting a joke date is great for a woman who is already attracted to you, but if you haven't conveyed enough personality yet and she's not yet interested, it could come off as creepy.

That said, this woman was obviously interested.

See You In The Mile High Club,

Style

Begging For A Hint

Hello Style,

It's only a small hint I beg you for:

I'm a little desperate. I want to change my life.

How can I really get into the game?

How can make my brain to make "click." I really want to begin to learn pickup. Please give me only one thought!

Sincerely,
F.R.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear F.R.,

Here's your hint: Get in the field and do it -- no matter how scary, uncomfortable, and intimidating it may be. Remember: we all feel that. And what separates the winners from the losers is DOING IT...

Here, for fun, is the full quote from Arnold Schwarzenegger that I referred to in the Game.

> *This last two or three or four repetitions, that's what makes the muscles grow. That's what divides one from a champion and one from not being a champion. If you can go through the pain period, you make it to be a champion. If you can't go through it, forget it. And that's what most people lack: having the guts – the guts to go in and just say… "I don't care what happens." I have no fear of fainting in the gym… I threw up many times when I was working out. But it doesn't matter, because it's all worth it.*

Whatever you may think of him as a politician, at least he was a good bodybuilder.

So get out there, do it, learn from your mistakes, and report back. Remember: The only way to learn to surf is to get in the water and paddle.

Or, to switch metaphors, as Wayne Gretzky once put it: "You miss a hundred percent of the shots you don't take."

Best,

Style

F.R. Responds To Style

Hey Style, I hope you are fine and sometimes have the time to relax, despite of the tons of work you have.

I followed your hint and went into the field. I've overdone myself and I'm still practicing, but I know there is progress and a change, I think. At first I didn't want to believe this. But, like you suggested I went into the field and had success. It is slowly working, but it works!

Thank you!

Kind regards,
F.R.

"All That Moisturizer Is Really Paying Off…"

Hey Style,

Just listened to the interviews for the first time. They were pretty ace!

Rourke's interview was pretty amazing. After only three days of your seminar and several months after, it's amazing that he can judge social interactions such as when a guy looks too needy and when he's going to fail etc. And then Wiseguy dating all these woman man, it just seems incredible. i mean I've read success stories but when you actually hear these guys saying how it's changed them and you can hear in their voice that how excited they are by this new lease of life, it just makes more of an impact by telling you to get up off your ass and do something about it.

Now I'm not really in the 'game' so to speak as I've been collecting all this information but haven't really started to apply it yet (i figured getting through my first year of uni was more important) but now my holiday has just begun and I feel the time is right to have a little experiment and push the boat out!

One of my sticking points I find is that when I get asked my age by woman, I'm probably the youngest 21 year old you ever did see. It kind of throws them off and then I get kind of awkward. I've come up with a few ways to get round it if they say, 'Oh my god, you're 21?! You look about 18!" I tend to say, "Well all that moisturizer is really paying off then!"

So any suggestions on ways to stop me feeling awkward or any lines to say back when this comes up would awesome.

Thanks buddy,

N.D.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear N.D.,

I like your response.

During my hardcore sarging days, I actually had canned responses to every single thing a woman could possibly say to me.

So here are a few more lines to respond when they marvel at your youth.

The best is to keep it short and sweet, and in keeping with the motto: WHAT YOU CAN'T FIX, YOU FEATURE.

Just reply: "Good genes." (In its own way, that's a DHV, because, believe me, they want those fountain-of-youth genes.)

Or try:

> You: "It's one of my job requirements."
> Her: What do you do??
> You: Professional boy toy.
> Her: (laughs)
> You: Don't laugh. I'm serious. It's a tough industry: as soon as you look 21, you're out the door."

Enjoy,

Style

The Game In Fallujah, Iraq

Style,

I want to first and foremost say that you are truly an inspiration to me. You have added value to my life and been there with me during a time in my life when things were bleak.

I read about your book, The Game, roughly a month before it was released. I do not remember the magazine, but the thing that caught my eye was the reviewer of the book stating, " I would not want Style near my daughter. " If you were able to make a book reviewer shudder at the prospect of you meeting his daughter, then you clearly have some sort of insight on women.

Now, you are probably wondering how you were there for me during my difficult time. You are also probably wondering what it is I want. Just continue to read and everything will become more clear.

On January 5, 2005, I was called up to Active Duty to relieve my fellow Marines in Fallujah, Iraq. From January to November, my life would warp and change in ways I would of never imagined: From seeing my fellow brothers die to almost getting killed myself, it seemed like life didn't exist: just repetition and constant alertness.

One of the few outlets we would have while in Iraq was the mail and email we would receive from home. Letter were received once every three days. Email could only be checked once a week at the expense of your sleep.

Back home I had a loving family that sent me packages and correspondence to keep my spirits up. I love my family to death and am ever grateful for their support.

However, here's my heartache: I had a girlfriend before Iraq. Her name was Monica. Monica was a 21-year-old South American hottie with a hot temper but kind heart. When I told Monica I had to deploy she was devastated. She cried our last intimate night together. She cried when the bus left. She cried on my last phone call from the States.

I thought Monica would be there for me. I counted on her support. Little did I know that she would crush my heart during some of the darkest and loneliest nights in the deserts of Fallujah…

Every day for three months straight, Monica wrote to me. I thought if this woman could be there for me during one of the most difficult times in my life, then she was the one. The woman who would have my kids.

Suddenly... Poof! She was gone! She stopped writing. She disappeared completely. I thought that maybe she was hurt or injured. Maybe the mail system was not working. I called her to only receive her voicemail. I called her home, where over six people lived, to only listen to, "Ring ring ring ring ring ring ring."

After seven days, my gut instinct and heart finally gave in. She had found someone else.

During the next three weeks, I was a wreck. I was depressed. I was angry. I was in a hole. Marines who were close to me were there for me. But I could not let my weakness show. If my chain of command noticed that I was barely fit for duty, they would of pulled me away from the action. I would of let my brothers down. Other Marines would get less sleep because they had to pull my weight.

During those three weeks, something in the deep recesses of my soul came out and called for me to come back to the light. I made it a point to battle back and make the best out of the situation I was in. I would find hotter women. I would come back and get laid by gorgeous Miami women. It was what I deserved for my grief and sacrifices for my precious country.

Then, in my endless readings of *GQ Magazine, Men's Fitness, Men's Health, Vanity Fair, Time, National Geographic* -- whatever I could get my hands on -- I saw the review of your book. I pre-ordered it. I got it three weeks later. Your growth, success and failures changed my life. I shared your book with other Marines. We would read your book in shifts. I had accountability of your book at all times. You became a hit within our platoon of 29 Marines. You gave me a drive and purpose. You gave me guidance. You were my secret weapon. I was going to be a hit.

I returned and slept with over six women in a period of three months. I had a steady one that I liked a lot but it did not work out.

I can honestly say that I am still an AFC. I have sparks of potential when I focus. I am going to read all the books you read. I am going to you directly because there are many things that you do not reveal in all your writings. For instance, the 22 examples of your pebbles. More in depth on the "calibration." The Las Vegas Method.

The conclusion to this email is first and foremost to thank you. You were there during a very difficult time in my life and you gave me the motivation and drive to improve myself in more ways than one.

Any advice or whatever guidance would be greatly appreciated. I included two pics of me in Iraq.

Sincerely and Thanks Again,

W.

STYLE SAYS:

Dear W.,

Thanks for a great and touching story. You're a good writer, and really made me feel like I was there as you went through all that.

In exchange, I'd like to give you something special that I told the Final Five during their apprenticeship.

The two biggest clichés of dating advice are: Just Be Yourself and Be Confident.

That's a load of bullshit: You shouldn't be yourself, you should be your best self.

As for being confident, it's impossible to just be confident because someone tells you to. This is impossible without success. Success breeds confidence. So you need to learn to have success, which is exactly what you're doing.

Here's pickup broken down to its most basic formula: Be interesting and interested... be confident and competent.

The Annihilation Method is a workout program for every single muscle that is you. I want you firing on every single cylinder. When you are meeting a woman - just like when you're going for a job interview or at a family reunion or trying to get upgraded to first class on an airline – everything counts.

And there are three elements to this:

First you have the "Who you are" part.

This uses the LAS VEGAS system.

No, it has nothing to do with Las Vegas the city.

It's an eight part system for becoming your best self ...fast. I discovered it by being a silently observing the tactics and strategies of the most successful PUAs in the world ...and then working to improve them.

But it's not limited to just pickup. As you know, I spend a lot of time in the hectic Hollywood Scene. And I've worked with some of the most famous -- and infamous -- characters in the world.

Anyway, they did not get where they are by hard work and luck alone. The expert PUAs, the movie stars, the rock stars, and the millionaire moguls I've worked with all share the foundation of the LAS VEGAS system.

And it's that foundation that makes them the people that others not only admire and respect ...it makes them the people that others want to BECOME.

I was able to tap into that which they have, and essentially "bottle it up" into an eight step process that can give you the incredible confidence, charisma, and magnetism they have.

But you can't rely on that by itself if you truly want to succeed at this...

Next, you build on the "what you do" aspect of who you are.

At first, this is the high-octane lines, routines, patterns, and strategies, and the five sequential steps, where you'd throw in things like the Black Mirror technique or the whole-room destroyer pattern.

In essence, this is the "mechanical" nuts and bolts part of the system -- like a kit or an arsenal where you have various power tools at your disposal. Most people think this is what pickup is all about. These routines, openers, or pebbles that you mentioned.

But the fact is ...this is just a stepping stone to the final phase of the Annihilation Method. I call it…

"The State Of Unconscious Mastery."

The third piece is when and how you do it: calibration. When you reach this level (and it doesn't take that long), you no longer think about it. You have a system of perfect calibration. You never think about openers or pebbles ...you never run patterns or use props.

Instead, you are totally fluid. It's like in those martial arts movies where a guy masters kung-fu... and is able to use anything around him to accomplish his objective.

In Unconscious Mastery, this is what you're like. You could walk into a set where they're all sobbing over the sudden loss of a friend and immediately turn the situation around... without even trying.

You'll be running at peak levels without even knowing it or thinking about it. Your friends will watch you and ask you to break down a conversation they just saw you

have... but you'll struggle to remember what happened because you weren't even thinking about it.

You were running on instinct.

One of my friends who I did a book with experiences this on stage when he plays guitar. It's a state of effortless "flow" where everything just "clicks" on all levels.

I asked him how he got such great tone during a song in one performance, and he'll told me "it just happens when you're in the zone."
Wiseguy is in the zone like that with women ...and so are Rourke and Outback and the rest of the Final Five.

You can be too... but it takes dedication.

Nothing like the kind of work and dedication it takes to become a Marine, though.

Hope this helps put you on the path to unconscious mastery…and makes Monica feel like she really blew it - because she did. She created a monster - the new you. Congrats.

G'night Fallujah,

Style